CAREER OF MRS. WHITNEY, A NEW

The Accident Which May Forever Disable Her-Story of the Sor-

From the Philadelphia Press. As a charming debutante, as a gay young matron, as an interesting widow, and again as a married woman, Mrs. William C. Whitney has always been a prominent and greatly admired figure in New York society; but it is as a helpless invalid stricken down by accident in the very zenith of her fame and fortune that she appeals most strongly to public attention and sympathy. Mrs. Whitney is the eldest daughter of the late Dr. May, of Baltimore, of the famous family of that name, noted for the beauty of its women and the gallantry of

beauty of its women and the gallantry of its men. Her sisters are Mrs. William Wright, Mrs. Henderson and Mrs. Beaver Webb. Her brothers are Dr. William May, a well known physician of Washington, and Fred May, the hero of many an interesting exploit. Mrs. Whitney's mother was Miss Nielson, a sister of Mrs. Oelrichs, the mother of Herman Oelrichs and Mrs. William Jay.

It was about 1875 when the May family returned from Dresden, where the children had been educated. Miss Edith Sybil May, now Mrs. Whitney, and Miss Carrie May, afterward Mrs. Wright, were then

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

there might yet be happiness in store for herself.

However that may be, Mrs. Randolph while keeping up her "slumming" began to find it agreeable to go about once mure in a world that was not all care and suffering. Still a young and beautiful woman, the world received her with open arms. As a fascinating widow she became the object of as much attention as when fresh from Dresden. Her old friends flocked about her and many new ones.

Accident Which May Forever Disable Her—Story of the Sorrows and Happiness of Her Life.

Accident Which May Forever Disable Her—Story of the Sorrows and Happiness of the first open with the sympathy and encouragement of a main whom any woman would be proud to call friend.

The gossips, however, would have none of this tiresone of reindship, business.

an would be proud to call friend.

The gossips, however, would have none of this tiresome friendship business.

They are made for each other," was the fashion in which society grouped this pair, nolens volens. Alas! Such uncalled-for urgency seemed to have exactly the opposite effect intended, for Mrs. Randolph went abroad and Mr. Whitney busied himself entirely with politics and street railroads. Then Mrs. Randolph came home and went to Bar Harbor, and before society could fairly catch its breath Mr. Whitney and Mrs. Randolph marched unetly to the Bar Harbor "Little Church Around the Corner"—there is such a quiet matrimonial nook in every town and village—and were made man and wife. This was September 29, 1896.

From that moment Mrs. Whitney stepped

was September 29, 1896.

From that moment Mrs. Whitney stepped into a different sphere of action, a sphere which she completely adorned. Married to a public man with unlimited wealth, she could for the first time in her life give free play to that love of blen aise which is in the make-up of every woman's nature, however suppressed by circumstances.



MRS. WHITNEY.

before the days of the Vanderbilt, Shepberd, Sloane, Mills, Wilson renaissance.

A Great Favorite.

In no time at all Miss Edith May became
the rage. All the young men of the day
and half the old ones were at her feet.
These were the earliest days of the Patriarchs in the old Delmonico rooms, at Fourteenth street and Fifth avenue. It was the
fashion in those days for men to send
flowers to the girls they affected. Miss
May invariably entered the baliroom with
her pretty eyes sparkling over the huge
bunch of roses and violets she carried, and
rumor had it that she had left as many
more in the dressing room.

There were coaching and vachting parties galore. All the smart men of the day
followed in the train of the beautifu sisters, yet Miss May seemed to keep her
heart to herself. The recording angel got
tired of totaling up the number of eligible
offers the haughty beauty disdained, while
her intimate friends whispered of a previous attachment—some man she had met
and liked during her school days in Dresden.

And, sure enough, at last he turned up
band to the Field of

And, sure enough, at last he turned up in the shape of Captain Arthur Randdiph, a half-pay British army officer, as jolly and attractive a fellow as one would meet half over Europe; but, alas! like all half-pay officers, with hardly a queen's shilling to his account!

pay officers, with hardly a queen's shilling to his account!

Dr. May's fortune was not large and his family of six cost more in New York than in Dresden. There seemed to be no hope of marriage, but still the Britisher stood his ground nobly and awaited results.

At last luck came his way. A relative died in England and left him a small estate. He could not afford to live on it, but went home to rent it, and left with hope.

the first tragic event in Miss May's life oc-curred, a tragedy which went far toward strengthening and ennobling a character which up to this had been running riot in

which up to this had been running riot in pure physical enjoyment.

Miss May was one of the party that fatal afternoon on the famous yacht Mohawk, which was capsized off Staten island, with the loss of Mr. and Mrs. William Garner and Miss Adele Hunter. The yacht was at anchor with both mainsails set ready to get under way when a violent squall swept over the Staten island hills, and before anyone knew what had happened the gallant craft was on her beam ends and the cabin in which the party had taken refuge was full of water.

Besides those mentioned Gardiner Howland, Schuyler Crosby and Louis Montaut were on board. They managed to drag Miss May, more dead than alive, into the open air, but Mr. and Mrs. Garner and Miss Hunter were dead before their bodies were found.

Miss Hunter were dead before their bodies were found.

There was no more fun and gayety then, but with the return of the English lover and his pleadings, Miss May's thoughts were diverted into more cheerful channels and soon the engagement was announced. A quiet wedding followed, and the captain and Mrs. Arthur Randolph decided upon a quiet life in the country-love in a cottage, in truth—and selected a pretty little house on the estate of William P. Douglas, at Douglaston, L. I.

Mrs. Randolph's friends declared she had buried herself. Society fussed and fumed for awhile, and then took up with the next sensational beauty, but the bride and groom entered upon a life of almost idylic happiness.

At Douglaston Mrs. Randolph's two children were born, a boy and a girl, who

At Douglaston Mrs. Randolph's two children were born, a boy and a girl, who were 5 and 6 years old when the second blow came which for a time threatened to take all the light forever out of Mrs. Randolph's life. Her beloved husband fell dead one day of heart disease.

A long period of retirement followed in the little bouse in Douglaston, until at last Mrs. Randolph's friends prevailed upon her to take a small apartment in town, where for several years she busied herself with the care and education of her children, receiving only such old friends as chose to seek her out in her seclusion.

Her Charitable Work.

Mrs. Randolph then attached herself to George's church, Stuyvesant square, and deeply impressed with the missionary and deeply impressed with the missionary work that the rector, the Rev. Mr. William Rainsford, was doing among the East side poor, she volunteered as an aid and soon became one of his most valued assistants. It was to the slums of Avenues A and B that the widow's weeds most often found their way; she found solare in this work and it was perhaps through her zeal and patience in making others happy that Mrz. Randolph discovered that

in their teens, but old enough to be introduced into society.

They were both beautiful, bright and had all the piquancy of a foreign education. Edith was dark, with flashing brown eyes, and the coloring of the pomegranite. Carrie was fair, with blue eyes, and peaches and cream in her skin. Both became immensely popular in a set dominated at the time by Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. Matunin Livingston, Mrs. Edward Cooper, Mrs. Butler Duncan and Mrs. Astor. This was before the days of the Vanderbilt, Shepherd, Sloane, Mills, Wilson renaissance.

Mrs. Colby Will Accompany Her Hus band to the Field of

Battle. Mrs. Clara Benck Colby, the first woman in the United States to receive a war cor-respondent's pass, is founder, editor and proprietor of "The Woman's Tribune," published in Washington, and it is in the interest of her paper that she goes to the front, accompanying her husband, who is a brigadier-general.

at hist fuck came his way. A relative life in England and left him a small estate. He could not afford to live on it. but went home to rent it, and left with hope.

A Tragic Event.

It was about this time, in July, 1876, that the first tragic event in Miss May's life occurred a tragely which went far toward.

A tragic event in Miss May's life occurred a tragely which went far toward.

We have the many first tragic event in Miss May's life occurred a tragely which went far toward.

rice, Neb.
She is vice president for Nebraska of
the National American Woman Suffrage
Association, and state president of the Nebraska Woman Suffrage Association.
"The Woman's Tribune' was first |
lished in Nebraska, but moved to Wash



MRS. CLARA B. COLBY.

ton when General Colby became assistant attorney general. During the international congress of women at the capital city, Mrs. Colby's paper, which is a fortnightly, was published daily as a sixteen-page sheet, being the only paper published by a woman to give full reports of a woman's congress.

a woman to give full reports of a woman's congress.

Mrs. Colby is of English birth, and is related on her father's side to the naturalist and wood engraver. Thomas Bewick, and on her mother's side to General Monk, who helped restore Charles II. to the throne. She has a son, now a bugler in Colonel Grigsby's regiment, and a little adopted daughter—an Indian girl named Zintka Lanuni. General Colby found the child in the arms of its dead mother, the latter having been shot on the battlefield of Wounded Knee. On the cap of the child, when found, was worked the United States flag.

Vacation Time. And now come back the vacation days.

When to take a good rest man is fired:
And he rests so hard in ten days' time
That for one whole year he's dead dog tired.

—Philadelphia North American

GATHERING ••••••••••••

A crocodile, which, in the course of several weeks, manages to devour some fifteen men and cattle, is in a fair way to establish a record. A gharial, which infested the river Borak, near Silchar, had achieved this unenviable notoriety, and was fast becoming a terror to the inhabitants of the town; it had, in fact, become necessary to town; it had, in fact, become necessary to prohibit bathing in the river. Some days ago, however, Subadar Maula Baksh Khan, of the Seventeenth Bengal infantry, now at Silchar, waited for the crocodile, and succeeded in disposing of her with three shots from a Martini-Henry rifle. In the attempt to drag the animal out of the water a boat was upset, and the animal was eventually towed ashore by a steamer. Forty Sepoys bore the body of the monster in triumph to the regimental lines, where it was exhibited, fully 10,000 villagers coming from far and near during the day to see their vanquished foe.

A graphologist has discovered that character can be read from the letter "t" alone. He claims that the vertical line represents the fatality of life and the horizontal bar the influence human will exercises over this fatality. In addition, he claims that the higher

In addition, he claims that the higher or lower a writer crosses the "t" is a guide to the amount of ideality contained in his nature, and that the lower part of the letter corresponds to the practical and material part of the man's character.

For instance: The optimist crosses his "t's" with a line that slopes upward—from the ground to the sky, as it were. The "Ts" with a line that slopes upward—from the ground to the sky, as it were. The poet often crosses his "t's" quite above the vertical line; in other words, in the sky. The pessimist crosses his "t's" with a downward, sloping stroke. The line which is below the ideal portion of the letter descends little by little until it is lost among the sad realities of earthly exist-ence.

The practical man, it appears, always steers a middle course and crosses his "t's" neither in the ideal nor in the ma-terial manner, but exactly midway be-tween both.

tween both.

The proof that corn bread diet makes bigger men physically can be found in the rural districts of Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky where hominy and corn bread constitute the staff of life. A table in any of the rural districts in those states on which there is no dish prepared from corn is a curiosity, and in those states men who fall below the stature of five feet are dwarfs. Six fect is the regulation size, and men who tower considerably above this height are accepted by the inhabitants as a matter of course.

Of course, climatic influence must be considered when stature is under discussion, but the food forms the basis of calculation. It is generally accepted by men who have given this subject thought that the six-footers of Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky as a rule were brought up on hominy or corn bread as the main food supply. If the crowned heads of Europe could but be convinced that corn bread will result in a nation of six-footers, the American farmer would hardly be able to raise cornenough to supply the European markets.

The house has a reminder of the devas-tation wrought by the Johnstown, Pa., flood of May 31, 1889. It is a bill and fa-vorable report to issue to the heir of Neil McEneny a \$500 4 per cent United States

bond.

Neil McEneny was an inhabitant and citizen of Johnstown when the flood swept down the Conemaugh valley. He and his wife and seven children were drowned and the contents destroyed. wife and seven children were drowned and his house, with its contents, destroyed. Some time after the disaster six coupons of a 4 per cent United States bond were found in the wash of the flood and turned over to the flood finance committee.

The heirs of Neil McEneny advertised for the lost bond, but never received any answer. No coupons from it were ever presented to the United States treasurer. After nine years congress is asked to grant authority for issuing a duplicate bond when the proper indemnity is given to the government.

A correspondent in the London Ladies' Kennel Journal writes: "If I ever make up my mind to keep a cat again it will be a Siamese, as I think there is no cat to equal him for intelligence and affection. Walli-Walli, whom I nursed through distemper—which he unfortumately took when three months old—used to follow me everywhere, and always lay on my shoulder. I kept him in my room at night, and he used to be most patient until I got into bed, when he would go to sleep with my left ear in his mouth, and he always insisted on the left ear, although I tried him by giving him the other. His death was very sudden and a great grief to me."

On the Centre plantation, near Macon Ga., there is a tree about twenty-five feet Ga., there is a tree about twenty-five feet high and from sixteen and a half to twelve inches in diameter. It is a peculiarly shaped tree, and its first limb appears about ten feet from the trunk. The body of this tree, from the bottom, is covered in large tough oak bark. The limbs, a portion of them, are covered in bark similar to that on the body of the tree, but bears the long leaf pine straw. The other remaining limbs are pine just like those on the pine trees around this "wonder of the forest." Scientists say that they have never seen anything like it, and cannot account for its condition. hing like endition.

Things seem to be rather behind the times in Auvergne, remarks the Church Gazette. M. Paul Guignard vouches for the fact that "a woman who attended one of the Protestant meetings at Clermont Ferrand, a town of 50,000 population, went to a bookseller's and asked for a New Testament. The bookseller had never heard of it. "A New Testament?" he said; neard of it. A New Testament? he said;
I have not heard of the book. I suppose it is not out yet. If you like, I will
write to Paris and get you a copy as soon
as it is out."

The central electric lighting stations 1 the United States, according to the American Electrical Directory, now number 2,584. Of this number, 2,261 are owned an operated by private corporations, firms and individuals, while 333 are municipal plants individuals, while 33 are municipal plants. The former represent an investment of \$229,338,695, and include 264,428 are lamps and 7,224,134 incandescent lamps, requiring 5%. 481 horsepower of engines. The latter include 25,687 are lamps, 371,449 incandescent lamps, and require 5,749 engine horsepower

There is much to be learned about American customs and characteristics from the Spanish newspapers. One of them, published in Barcelona, says: "The average height among the Americans is five feet two, and they have never produced an athlete. This is due to their living almost entirely upon vegetables, as they ship all their beef out of the country, so eager are they to make money. There is no doubt they to make money. There is no doubt that one full-grown Spaniard can defeat any three men in America."

A robin and a phebe bird take turn about, A robin and a phebe bird take turn about, season after season, building their nests over one of the windows on the veranda of the home of James Tennant. living just south of Croswell, Mich. The phebe bird will build its nest over the robin's one season, and the next the robin erects a home on the phebe's old residence, until, becoming topheavy, the accumulation of straw, mud and feathers tumbles down and they begin again. They have kept this up for about six years.

A recent traveler thus describes the praying wheel of Thibet: "A barrel eight inches long holds 1,400 thin leaves, on each side of which the prayer is printed, say, ten times. This gives 28,000 prayers, all of which are put to the worshiper's credit in the world to come if, with a touch of his singer, he makes the barrel revolve once."

once. Just outside of St. Louis, Mo., is a lake, famed among local fishermen, which hitherto has been known as Spanish lake. Lately this name has become so unpopular that those who frequented it once do so no longer. Now it has been decided to rechristen it Dewey lake.

A professional beggar of Hong Kong has just built a fine three-story tea-house outside the south gate of the city. As the only three-story building in or about Hong Kong, it is an object of great pride to the natives, whose charity helped so largely in its erection. ts erection.

In Algeria there is a river one branch o which flows through a country rich in fron, the other through a flat marsh rich in gaille acid. A main stream of jet-black ink is the result, It was once customary in France, when

a guest had remained too long, for the host to serve a cold shoulder of mutton in-stead of a hot roast. This was the origin of the phrase "to give the cold shoulder."

Did you know that the city of New York raised and sold sheep? Well, it does in a small way, and last week held its an-nual sale in Central park, when thirty-one head sold for \$300. The most celebrated battle steeds of the civil war were Cincinnati, Traveler and Winchester, the favorite chargers of Grant, Lee and Sheridan.

A vault has been built in Plymouth church for safe keeping of valuable relics of the late Henry Ward Beecher.

ELEPHANTS SOON TO BE EXTINCT UNLESS PROTECTION IS GIVEN.

Africa Is the Happy Hunting Ground, as the Ivory Is Denser, More Susceptible of Polish and Will Not Color.

The demand for ivory is constantly increasing, and unless legislation interferes to put a stop to the wholesale slaughter of dephants they must soon become extinct.

The world's annual consumption of ivory is estimated at something like 1,500,000 pounds, valued at \$1,500,000, and to supply this amount 70,000 elephants must be killed. The consumption in Sheffield alone requires the annual slaughter of 22,000 animals. Africa supplies the great bulk of ivory, the Indian wild elephant having become so scarce of late years that India is now obliged to import a considerable quantity



LONGEST TUSK IN THE WORLD.

of ivory. A vast amount of fossii ivory is also exported from Eastern Siberla to va-rious countries, chiefly to the Continent, where it is more highly esteemed than in

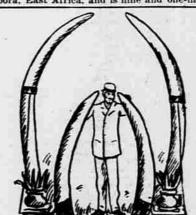
England.

Africa, then, remains the happy hunting England.

Africa, then, remains the happy hunting ground for the ivory collector. African ivory, too, fetches a higher price than any other, being denser in texture, susceptible of a higher polish, and not so liable to turn yellow when exposed to the light as the Indian kind. In Africa itself the quality is found to vary greatly, the rule being that the warmer the region the finer is the ivory found there. The finest tusks, however, are generally met with at some distance from the equator. The finest pair of tusks ever brought to Europe came from Uganda, and are valued at \$40. Tusks of anything like these dimensions are, however, very rare, and are difficult to procure from the natives, who value them highly, and use them for doorposts, especially in the temples. The teeth of a fullgrown "tusker" seldom measure over six feet, and weigh from one to two hundred pounds. The tusk is usually solid for about half its length, the base being quite thin, and, therefore, of little use for commercial purposes. Only from the upper portion of the tusk can billiard balls and the bulkier articles be made.

The longest tusk known came from Ta-

articles be made. The longest tusk known came from Ta-bora, East Africa, and is nine and one-half



SOME OF THE MOST FAMOUS TUSKS

eet long and weighs ninety-seve The largest and weighs ninety-seven pounds. The largest and the thickest pairs of tusks in the world are shown in one of the cuts. The former measure eight and one-half feet and nine and one-third feet and weigh 157½ pounds and 174 pounds respectively; while the thickest pair, from Niam Niam, in Central Africa, are over five feet long and their respective weight is 123 pounds and 118 pounds.

HALF DOLLARS WORTH \$1,600

They Are Coins of the Confederacy. Only Four Were Struck Off

by the Mint. Four half dollars were coined by the Confederate government in 1861, and these were practically the only coins of the Conwere practically the only coins of the Confederacy. Up to a short while ago it was believed that only one of the coins was in existence, and that was the one owned by J. W. Scott, a well known coin dealer in New York city. He valued his coin at \$1,000. One, however, is owned by J. T. Jefferson, of Memphis. He paid \$50 for it, but values it at \$1,600, which price, no doubt, would be paid if he desired to sell it.

The imprint on these coins is different The imprint on these coins is different from the 50-cent pleces of silver now coined and circulated by the government. The obverse side of the coin in Mr. Jefferson's possession is the same as that found on the regular mint series of the time when it was coined by the Confederate government. It has on it the Goddess of Liberty, seated and beneath this representation is eated, and beneath this representation the date 1861. A new die was struck for the reverse side of the coin, and this gives to it a distinctive feature and makes it essentially different from the other coins of similar value. A shield bearing the stars and bars of the Confederacy was



laced in the center of the coin. The sever placed in the center of the coin. The seven states are represented by seven stars. These are the seven states which seceded before the inauguration of Lincoln on March 4, 1861. A liberty pole is thrust through the shield and bears on its tip a liberty cap. A stalk of sugar cane and a stalk of cotton are twined around the shield in the form of a wreath. Above these representations appear the words "Confederate States of America." sand beneath them the denomination of the coin, "Half Dol." the history of this coin the imaginative

Dol."
the history of this coin the imaginative mind can readily tell. It was coined at a stirring time and under most interesting circumstances. The United States mint at New Orleans fell into the hands of the Confederacy in February. 1881. The Confederate government was seated at Montgomery, Ala., and it at once decided to have some new dies cast and to start a coinage of its own at the New Orleans mint. The series was to begin with sliver half dollars. Designs were advertised for by the secretary of the treasury, and the one described was selected as the most suitable. The die was made by A. H. Peterson, of New Orleans, Four coins were struck off as specimen pieces, under the direction of B. F. Taylor, "chief coiner for the Confederate states of America." On account of the lack of silver bullion the Southern government was unable to proceed with its plan, and on April 20, 1851, only a few days after the coinage of the specimen pieces, the mint was closed. One of the coins was sent to the government, one to Dr. E. Ames, of New Orleans; one to Professor Riddell, of the University of Louisville, and the fourth was kept by Taylor, who had charge of the mint.

Jefferson Davis finally got possession of one of the coins, but when he was captured on May 19, 1855, the coin, along with many other things of value, was taken from him, and he never heard of it again, Mr. Jefferson is very proud of his possession, and this is why he places such a high value on it.

SOME PERSONAL POINTS.

COCCOCCCCCC C COCCCCCCCCC

The Vicomtesse de Janze has, with great originality, started a new way of making opening her magnificent Hotel Janze to the public at 2 france a head. Champs Elysee quarter; it dates from the eighteenth century, and every room can be considered a page of history. Portraits of the beauties are one of the specialties of the staircase, which is very fine. The salle a manger and the three salons are ex-quisitely decorated and full of art treasares and relics of such celebrities as Marie Antoinette and Josephine.

A war story with a lesson is related by the Omaha World-Herald, which has it fron, a gentleman of that city, a Confederate captain in the civil war.

Lincoln was urged from the beginning of the war to take Richmond, but talking of taking Richmond and taking Richmond were two different matters. General Scott, who was not retired until after several futile attempts had been made to take Richmond, was summoned before the president

ident.
"General Scott," said Mr. Lincoln, "will you explain why it was that you were able to take the City of Mexico in three montas with 5,000 men, and have been unable to take Richmond in six months with 100,000

men?"
"Yes, sir, I will, Mr. President," replied General Scott. "The men who took me into the City of Mexico are the same men who are keeping me out of Richmond now."

H. Rider Haggard received his inspiration to write his first novel from the pretty face of a young girl he saw in a church at Norwood, England. The perfect beauty and refinement of the face impressed Mr. Haggard so deeply as to fill him with a desire to fit a story to it which would be worthy of a heroine similarly endowed. With this purpose in view he began writing, "my main object being," he says, "to produce the picture of a woman perfect in mind and body and to show her character ripening and growing spiritual under the pressure of various afflictions." The outcome of it was his first book, "Dawn."

pressure of various afflictions." The outcome of it was his first book, "Dawn."

An amusing trial has just come to a happy termination in Paris, in which Mile. Angele Thiebeau has obtained a verdict against certain newspepers which accused her of a singular method of cheating the public. This lady, who commenced her career some years ago as a successful opera singer, has been obliged, owing to partial loss of voice, to appear upon the music hall stage at the Moulin Rouge. Here she won great applause for what Sister Jane called her "top note." which, according to L'Art Lyrique, she produced not by natural means, but by the means of a sort of popgun, concealed in the bosom of her dress.

The late Captain John Johnston, of Wiscasset, Me., on one occasion had been at sea a day or two, when a stowaway was discovered. It proved to be no less a person than James Fenimore Cooper, who as a lad was evidently endowed with the adventurous spirit which distinguished his heroes and heroines. Captain Johnston took him to Wiscasset, where he was received into his family, and for some time well cared for. Ill repaying this kindness the boy ran away, and Captain Johnston heard no more from him until he became famous, when he sent his generous protector a complete set of his works."

Lord Shaftesbury told the following story of his uncle, Lord Melbourne:

"When the queen became engaged to Prince Albert she wished him to be made king consort by act of parliament, and urged her wish upon the prime minister, Lord Melbourne. At first that sagacious man simply evaded the point, but when her majesty insisted upon a categorical answer, 'I thought it my duty to be very plain with her. I said: "For G—'s sake, let's hear no more of it, ma'am; for if you once get the English people into the way of making kings, you will get them into the way of unmaking them."

"The millionaire trade is not all beer and skittles," says London Wheeling. "A few months ago we pinned on our office wall an illustrated supplement depicting a number of millionaires. We thought an occasional look at it would fill us with giant hopes and noble aspirations. But, alas! Within a short time one of these men has died with appalling suddenness, another has committed sufcide, another has been murdered, another has called a meeting of his creditors, and another has sought the protection of the bankruptcy court. We have ticked off quite a good proportion of them."

The girls who fall in love with heroes and spend their idle hours in dreams of conquest need not waste their thoughts on Richmond Pearson Hobson, for he is already wedded—to an umbrella. Since the earliest recollections of any of his friends, no matter whether the sun shines or the rain rains, he never goes anywhere without this weather register, and so widely known among navy men is his fad that when Captain Sigsbee heard of the Merrimac exploit he exclaimed: "Did Hobson have his umbrella with him?"

Sarah Bernhardt recently said to a persistent newspaper correspondent: "I have told you everything. There is nothing that remains for me to say. You are as bad as Pierre Lott!" "What on earth has Pierre Lott done to you?" was the answer. "Oh, simply that once upon a time he made up his mind that he was going to make my acquaintance. First he wrote me a letter expressing his admiration for me, and did me the honor of dedicating a book to me. I thanked him, but I did not invite him to call on me."

Luther Benson, the temperance orator, Luther Benson, the temperance orator, who died the other day, was never able to thoroughly master his appetite for liquor. Drinking to him was not a habit, an indulgence, but a curse like that of a morphine fiend's. He acknowledged that he was a drunkard, and yet he was so constituted, the people understood him so well, that he could go on the platform and denounce whisky without the slightest impression of cant. He was pitied and loved and admired at once.

"Mr. Gladstone," says the New York World, "was once the victim of a reporter's curious error, either in reporting or telegraphing, which was that where in a celebrated speech he declared. 'We have burned our boats and destroyed our bridges,' he must have been horrified to read, 'We have burned our boots and destroyed our breeches.' The noted phrase, 'Time is on our side,' was rendered in one report as 'Tim is on our side.'

When Lord Dufferin was viceroy of India he had a sporting servant, or "shikary," whose duty it was to attend visitors on their shooting excursions. Returning from an expedition one afternoon, the shikary met the viceroy, who asked: "Well, what sort of sport has Lord had?"

"Oh." replied the scrupulously polite Indian, "the young sahib shot divinely, but God was very merciful to the birds."

Quite a number of the prominet men of wall street have some fad or engrossing occupation entirely outside the realm of finance. "Deacon" S. V. White is an amateur astronomer. James R. Keene devotes whatever time he can spare from the market to his thoroughbred horses, and J. P. Morgan prides himself on possessing the finest breed of collie dogs on either side of the Atlantic.

It is related of a certain clergyman in Edinburgh that he was so careful of his quotations and so fearful of the charge of plagfarism that once in addressing the diety he surprised the congregation by saying: "And thou knowest, dear Lord, that to quote a writer in a late number of the Quarterly Review," etc.

The empress of Japan takes her meals with her husband, an honor accorded to no previous empress. The emperor is said to be opposed to the feminine fashion of stained teeth and shaded eyebrows, and in favor of enlarging the rights of women. The empress is an earnest friend of women's hospitals. Plato's real name was Aristocles. His

nickname, Plato, meaning broad, is vari-cusity supposed to have been given to him on account of the breadth either of his forehead or his shoulders. It is somewhat curious that the most famous name in philosophy should be a nickname.

Admiral Dewey's fleet will soon receive from the business men of lower Wall street a gift of 1.8% bound books, 8.07 magazines and 300 packs of cards. The association is to make similar gifts to soldiers and sailors fighting for the country. John Harvard, who founded the famous

American Harvard college, was the son of a London butcher. His endowment con-sisted of a library of 300 volumes and one-half of his estate. The value of the latter was something over \$12,500. There is a famous saying attributed to the Duke of Wellington that "next to a disastrous defeat the worst thing for a nation is a great victory."

ORDER OF THE RISING SUN.

Mr. D. W. Stevens Has Been Thrice Decorated for Service Rendered the Japanese Empire.

There are said to be but two foreigners who have had conferred upon them the Japanese decoration of the Second Order of the Rising Sun, which is given only to men upon whom the emperor wishes to

men upon whom the emperor wishes to confer some mark of distinction. Of these two fortunates, one, Mr. Durham White Stevens, is an American. This gentleman has, in fact, been thrice decorated by the emperor of Japan, and the latest and most signal honor received by him from that august ruler is nothing more than a deserved recognition of his long connection with, and valuable work for, the Japanese government.

The Order of the Rising Sun is the center of Japanese order. It was founded in 1875 by the present emperor, and has eight classes. After the Order of the Chrysanthemum and that of the Paulownia, which have but one class each, and are only conferred upon members of reigning families and foreign statesmen, such as Bismarck and Kainoky, the Order of the Rising Sun is the highest Japanese decoration. Next comes the Order of the Sacred Treasure, possessed by Mr. Stevens.

Sacred Treasure, possessed by Mr. Stevens.

Mr Stevens' acquaintance with Japan began in 1873, when he was appointed secretary to the United States legation at Tokio. The venerable John A. Bingham, still living, but with one foot in the grave, was our minister to Japan at that time. Mr. Stevens served as secretary for eight years without a break, and was charge d'affaires several times, presumably while the old Buckeye war horse was at home making stump speeches for the "grand old party."

Mr. Stevens resigned his office at Tokio and came to Washington to accept the

and came to



D. W. STEVENS.

position of English secretary to the Jap-anese legation. This was in 1881. Two years later he was called to Tokio by the Japanese government, and assigned to the foreign office. He was subsequently iden-tified in particular with the revision of Japan's treatles with foreign powers. He was chief of the bureau du protocole of the second conference, held at Tokio 1855-86, for revision of the treaties between Japan and the treaty powers, naving served as for revision of the treaties between Japan and the treaty powers, having served as one of the secretaries on behalf of the United States at the first conference, held in 1882. He accompanied the special embassy sent to Korea under Count Inouye, minister for foreign affairs, in 1884, for the settlement arising out of the murder of Japanese in Korea, the burning of the legation at Seoul, etc.

These occurences and subsequent events, in which the Minese government took a part hostile to Japan seemed to render war between the two empires inevitable. The settlement reached by Count Inouye, while

in which the Chinese government took a part hostile to Japan seemed to render war between the two empires inevitable. The settlement reached by Count Inouye, while not harsh to Korea, was regarded as a victory over China, and aroused great enthusiasm in Japan. It was on account of services rendered to the Japanese government on this occasion that Mr. Stevens received the third class decoration of the Order of the Rising Sun.

Since 1888, with the exception of one year spent in Japan, Mr. Stevens has served in the Japanese legation at Washington. In 1895 he was made honorary counselor of legation. In 1895 he received the secondclass decoration of the Order of the Sacred Treasure for services rendered during the Japanese-Chinese war, and in connection with the conclusion of the new treaty between Japan and the United States.

In addition to these extraordinary honors, Mr. Stevens has recently received another and greater from the emperor of Japan. He has been promoted to the second class of the Order of the Rising Sun, because of the part he took in several important business matters transacted by the Japanese legation at Washington.

PROFESSOR GRACE E. PATTON. Pennsylvania Girl Who Went Into a Political Campaign and Now

Holds a Lucrative Office. Grace Espy Patton, superintendent of public instruction and ex-officio state li-brarian of Colorado, was born in Hartstown, Pa., on October 5, 1866. Her parents, the descendants of men foremost in Colonial history, belonged to the most substantial citizenship of the Keystone state. In 1876 they moved to Colorado, choosing Fort Collins as their home. In the little city Collins as their home. In the little city that has always been most progressive, the 10-year-old daughter began her education. After her high school course, she entered the State Agricultural college. Miss Patton distinguished herself in her college career, and, after being graduated, was called to the chair of English and sociology. She taught for tweive years, in this period contributing to leading newspapers and magazines.

papers and magazines.

When the equal suffrage agitation began the "little professor" took an active interest in the movement. She used her per and her voice for a cause she believed to be one of simple justice. Her writings



PROFESSOR GRACE E. PATTON.

were always clever and caustic. In order to secure absolute freedom of expression, she established a magazine called the Tourney, a periodical that had a most successful existence.

The campaign of 18% was one of extraordinary enthusiasm. While interest centered on national issues, the local candidates fought a hard battle. Professor Pattern did veteran service on the platform

dinary entusiasis. While interest centered on national issues, the local candidates fought a hard battle. Professor Patton did veteran service on the platform, where her oratorical powers were of great service to her party. Her keen sense of humor insured her a cordial reception wherever she appeared.

Professor Patton assumed the office of state superintendent of public instruction in January, 187. The department of public instruction in Colorado carries with it many diverse duties. The superintendent is a member of the state land board, the state board of examiners and the state board of examiners and the state board of education. Her experience as a teacher has helped her to make her administration of great benefit to the school interests of the state. The establishment of school libraries, the extension of the kindergarten system and the general introduction of manual training have received special attention. School decorations are also one of the professor's chief reforms. She has recently published a valuable pamphlet on this subject as well as one on libraries and their arrangement.

In appearance, Professor Patton is attractive. Of small and slender figure, she gives a first impression of girlishness, but her dignified carriage and strong face reveal the woman of unusual power. She possesses great magnetism and readily wins all with whom she comes in contact. Her brown eyes are her chief beauty. They show an alert spirit, a keen mind and a ready wit.

Defective Vision.

From the Detroit Free Press. "This is a bill from your oeulist," said the collector to Mr. Grimley.
"Just take it back to him and tell him that I can't read it with those glasses he sold me,"

THE NAVAJO BLANKET

A WONDERFUL AND BEAUTIFUL PRODUCT OF THE INDIAN LOOM.

It Is Woven by the Squaws on Rude and Simple Machinery-She Gets a Very Small Share of the Profits.

Americans are a traveling people; but how many, outside of army circles, have Navajo camp or witnessed the manufacture of a Navajo blanket? It is a product of the loom really wonderful in design and texture when the disadvantages under which it was made are considered,



Navajo Blanket and Weaver, from Pho-tograph by Miss Shields.

The Navajos are a peaceful people of the Pueblo type. The squaws weave blanket and the men tend sheep and ponies. Many of them are rich, and most of them are self-supporting, deriving their incomfrom their herds, the wool of their flocks, and the manufacture of their blankets. The wool of what is termed "the native wool blanket" is taken from their own sheep, and native dyes, produced from various herbs, give the blanket its peculiar coloring.

ing.

A Navajo blanket belongs to the Navajo, and to him alone. In fact, is a part of him. In every Hogan, or hut, you will find these blankets, and a short distance away, amid the sage brush or on the windward side of a rock, you can see a Navajo suaw squatted on the ground busily engaged weaving another. weaving another.

Simplicity of the Outfit.

The outfit is very simple. Two sticks on which strings are strung, a long flat stick to ram each thread home, a cylinder stick to ram each thread home, a cylinder shaped one to keep the threads straight, and a small one similar to a comb, to revent any tangles—this is the loom which produces the weird Navajo blanket. Yet with these tools a Navajo squaw manufactures a blanket which may be used for a rug and will last half a century. It may seem an easy thing to produce one, but just make the attempt.

In these days, when Navajo blankets have become a product of the market, and when the Indian is surrounded by civilization, with traders stores enabling him



Navajo Indian with Blanket, from Photo-graph by Miss Shields.

European make, there has arisen a new Navajo blanket made from Germantowa wool. It is certainly a work of art, handsome as well as unique in appearance. The Indians buy this wool from the traders, and it is a curious fact that, of the multitude of blankets produced, no two have been known to have been alike. I visited the store of the largest collector of these blankets at a time when he had over \$20,000 worth in stock, and I could discover no exact counterparts. Suropean make, there has arisen a new Vayajo blanket made from Germantews

The Navaio Knows His Business The Navajo as a rule are cute and sly in the business. Their contact with civilization has taught them the

ization has taught them the "Yankee method" of driving a bargain. At Fort Wingate, a regular army post, situated on the edge of the Navajo reservation, it is not unusual to see an Indian begin at one end of the officers' quarters and enter every house trying to sell his biankets. Sometimes he meets with success at the first house but it is a well established fact that with each refusal the price of his article decreases. The spring and early summer is the best time for buying. During the winter the squawa are busy weaving and then as the summer approaches they and then as the summer approaches they are brought into the settlements. Some-times the squaws come but never alone,



Bringing in Blankets to Sell, from Photo graph by Miss Shields.

Women Convey the Burdens. The buck stalks ahead, followed by the blanket laden squaw. The Indian has no compunction in loading his "better half" with all she can carry. I remember seeing an Indian buck purchase articles which were given to his squaw until she seemed loaded down. She was at last allowed to depart and he strode up to a group of his friends prepared to make himself comfortable. But he saw a small package that had been overlooked, and without a moment's hesitation he went to the door and called back the squaw. She was already some hundred yards away; but at his signal she turned and plodded back through the snow to receive the small package. He could easily have carried it, but it is beneath an Indian's dignity to do anything that can be done by a woman. seeing an Indian buck purchase articles

The Xavalo's Home Life. It is the same in their camps. It is the squaw who builds the home, carries the water, wood and provisions; indeed does all the work, while the husband hangs

all the work, while the husband hangs around some settler's store or joins some gambling party.

To find a real Navajo blanket weaver you must go away from the towns and villages. Walk across almost any level plain until you come to the bluffs and there, among the hillsides, you will find her home. I have thought as I watched her at her work, which goes on from morn till eve, for months at a time, how wearied she must get, and have asked myself, does she ever want to stop? I do not know that, but I have learned that when money is scarce she cannot stop, but must work on, and work on, content to receive as her share of the profit some poor tobacco or bright colored calleo. NAN SHIELDS.

Regret.

Would that on mine no other lips had rested, Would that no hand save thine had dared cares Would that no thrill of passion or of pleasure Had pierced my heart or given happiness; Ah, then the past, the present and the future, A gift most sweet Fd giadly give to thee. And now I should be blessed if ne'er another Had loved me or had sailed with me life's sea.

If to thine heart so true I came from heaven.

If to thy lips I brought an angel's kiss.

Then were I worthy, then, my God, I'd lay me
Sweetly to rest within the arms of bliss.

Then would I bid thee take my heart and hide is
Safely forever—it were then thins own;
Ah, if 'tweer true I ne'er had loved another,
No other loved me, called me his alone.

Yet with my soul I have not loved; Oh, ever True love has slumbered in my heart of pain; But now awakened echoes and re-echoes. Haunting the soul forever and in vain; Would I could rest within thine arms so tender. Weep on thy breast these tears of pain, and yet, Now that I love, and truy—all unworthy, Nothing is mine but weeping and regret. Lyonz, Kas. MRS. A L McMILLAN.

Painfully Neat.

From the Detroit Free Press.
"They tell me your wife is a particularly fine housekeeper. "Excruciatingly so. I've seen that woman sprinkle the clock with insect powder to get rid of the ticks."